

ALL CARE DEPARTS WHEN LAUGHTER STARTS.

PARIS EXHIBITION.



Not for one. Its third door on the right, please.

IN HIS CLASS.



in Henry. If I catch you reading any brutal prize-fight accounts I shall beat

-Ah, g'wan! You'll have to get a rep-

PLEASANT SURPRISE.



be people in his waiting-room—Who has the longest? J. doctor, I have been waiting five this bill!

WHAT THE BIRD SAID.



"What ho!" said the bird, as he saw old Bridget carry home her implement of labor after a good morning among potatoes.



And the next instant he finished the sentence.

PRETTY NEAR IT.



She—Is he an artist?
He—Well, or—he has a studio!

WHAT BECAME OF CHANGE.



Husband—Well, Emma, did you pay your milliner?
Wife—Yes, I just came from there!
Husband—And did you not get any change out of that 50 note I gave you?
Wife—Yes, this pretty little hat just made up the amount!

THE DISAGREEABLE RESULT.



Floss Frivol—Yes, I quarrelled with the leading man, and, as the rest of the company sided with him, I resigned.
He—Did nobody take your part?
Floss—Only my understudy.

A HAPPY OUTLOOK.

Dorothy—We've invited 5,000 guests to our wedding.
Donald—Well, say! We can sell enough duplicate presents to pay every bill connected with the whole thing.

SOME EXPERIMENTS IN ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.



"Fill a glass with water, lay a sheet of writing paper on it and invert the glass. Owing to atmospheric pressure on the paper, the water will be retained in the glass."



"I'll show you an experiment in atmospheric pressure, young man, and one that won't fail, either."

FLIRT AT THE SUMMER RESORTS.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.



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no matter what their social positions could never be permitted to enter an honest

The married man who falls to the contemptible level of flirting with an unmarried woman is a rascal of heart. He knows he is doing an underhand action, and that which the world would condemn.

There is another and still graver charge to be laid at the door of the flirting married man. He goes about stealthily like the beast of prey seeking whom he may destroy, searching for young hearts which he may ensnare—a spider seeking an unwary fly.

The married man who tells a woman that there is no harm in flirting knows that he is uttering that which is untrue.

Such a man is always careful to keep his own wife and daughters from a flirting married man, though he be his boon companion.

Wise judges strive to keep up the high, pure standard of morality by fining men who dare and attempt to flirt with and force their attentions upon women, especially young, unprotected girls.

If such men were found to be married men their fines should be doubled.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Laura Jean Libbey writes for The Evening World by arrangement with the Family Story Paper.

OUT IN THE FIELDS.

THE little ones that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might pass,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the hushing of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where all thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God!

—St. Paul's.

GOLD AT THE VATICAN.

It would be difficult to estimate precisely the total weight of gold in the Vatican, but it is safe to say that there are at least thirty tons of it, worth in the neighborhood of \$20,000,000 at the present market price of the unwrought metal. Of this huge amount of gold there is probably not a single pound of the metal that remains in its virgin state. Nearly every ounce of it has passed through the hands of skilled artisans, who have worked it into countless forms, thus adding perhaps a third or a quarter more to its value. Being almost entirely votive offerings to the Sovereign Pontiff, the treasures are literally of solid gold.

Eyes of the House Fly.

The common house fly is said to be provided with 16,000 eyes; that is to say, his two compound eyes have each 8,000 facets. By this singular arrangement he is enabled to see in every direction, and to elude with great skill and success the many dangers that threaten his daily existence.

THE LIMBS OF TALL MEN.

TALL men, as a rule, have bodies out of proportion to their lower limbs—that is, smaller than they ought to be—with the natural result that they are unable to bear fatigue, or to compete in the struggles of life with lesser men more harmoniously proportioned. Army experience bears out these observations. In a long and fatiguing march the tall men usually fall out first, or succumb to campaigning, unless, as is very rarely the case, they have well-knit and symmetrical frames. A soldier between 5 feet 5 inches and 5 feet 8 or 9 inches is usually the man most capable of bearing the strain of life.

TRIMMED WITH LACE.



A very pretty summer gown of light material is trimmed with white lace and has a folded waist belt high enough to approach the Empire style. A picture hat completes the outfit. It is of white chiffon, with ostrich plumes.

WORLD'S POSTAGE STAMPS.

THE total number of all known varieties issued by all the governments of the world up to the present time is 14,624. Of this number 123 have been issued in Great Britain, and 4,098 in the various British colonies and protectorates, leaving 10,425 for the rest of the world. Dividing the totals among the continents, Europe issued 3,665; Asia, 2,773; Africa, 2,464; America, 4,795; and Oceania, 1,927. The following new varieties have been issued during the past year: Europe, 206; Asia, 592; Africa, 164; America, 120, and Oceania, 22, a total of 1,082 for the year.

THE UNDOING OF HILTON.

A Happy Little Home Surprised.

"WELL, hello, Georgie," said his friends at the club which he was visiting for the first time since his marriage six weeks before. "It won't do you follows a bit of good to try to 'josh' me," said Hilton. "Just go ahead and do your worst. If you want to know what is in the bundle I'll tell you. It's a phonographic record. I bought it for my wife."

"And how does the little song go, Georgie?" asked one of the friends. Is it 'What Is Home Without



THE SONG SURPRISED THEM.

Hardwood Floor?" Hum it for us, won't you?" "I hope you'll excuse me," interrupted Hilton, "if I venture the opinion that the song on that record is none of your business. And now I'd like to buy you Indians a drink."

The phonographic record was put away in the clerk's desk, to be called for by Hilton on the way home, and a few minutes later Hilton left the club, leaving behind him three desperate conspirators.

The clerk was called away from his desk and the precious record was deftly abstracted from the drawer where it had been put.

The three hurried downstairs with their treasure and went quickly to the office of one of the phonographic companies, where they had the record put on an instrument and listened while the somewhat squeaky music filled the room:

When Clarence takes my hand in his
And looks me in the eyes
I own this world is fair enough,
Ner long for paradise.
I look across the coming years
And dream the promised land;
I think I've found my heaven here,
When Clarence takes my hand.

In half an hour, after much effort, mixed with bursts of laughter, they finished writing something on a long sheet of paper. Then it was turned over to one of the phonograph operators, who sang it into a receiver.

They tried the record on the phonograph amid renewed demonstrations of unholly mirth. Finally it was carefully wrapped up in the paper which had been taken from the original record deposited by Hilton in the clerk's desk.

Hilton came in a few minutes later on his way home. He got his package from the clerk and went home.

Mrs. Hilton, of course, was on pins and needles to hear the song on the phonograph.

"Come on, George," she said, when dessert was finished. "We'll have our coffee in the sitting-room; I must hear the new song."

Hilton will remember to his dying day every incident which followed. He moved a small table to the centre of the room, took the cover off the infernal phonograph, unwrapped the record, put it in place and started to turn the crank.

He still remembers the look of pained expectancy on his wife's face as he began. He remembers even more clearly how it changed, first to surprise and then to horror and incredulity.

This is the song which the phonograph rendered to the tune of "When Clarence Takes My Hand":

When George takes a drink or two
And starts to paint the town,
He isn't satisfied with red,
But does the thing up brown.
He shows the windows full of holes,
The lobsters all turn pink,
The policemen die of heart disease,
When George takes a drink.

There were other verses in the same general tone, giving further details about George's alleged misconduct. For the sheer horror of it, Hilton heard the thing out to the end:

How innocent and sweet he is,
Some people doubtless think;
We hope and pray they'll be away
When Hilton takes a drink!

That was the grand climax and close of the song. It would be sacrilege not to draw the curtain over what followed.

"DON'T ELOPE!"

College Girl in a Love Tangle Asks for and Receives Advice.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I AM a young lady seventeen years of age and am considered very pretty. There are two young men whom I like fairly well. One is a Columbia College student and the other is in business, and I am sure the latter loves me.

The Columbia College fellow has asked me to elope with him, get married and return for our parents' forgiveness. This I think is a mean course to pursue. He says if I do not comply with his request he will go away, never to return. He spends a great deal of his time and money on me and I don't want to let a good thing go.

Kindly tell me what is best; to do—marry the other fellow openly or the Columbia fellow, who does not want it known but kept a secret?

Please excuse writing and all mistakes, as I am writing this at college under my desk, as we are not supposed to write letters in college.

A COLLEGE GIRL.

The above letter is printed solely for the purpose of saying a few necessary, if harsh words, not only to "A College Girl," but to some other girl readers of The Evening World who find it easy to fall in love, or what passes for love, and just as easy to fall out again.

To begin with, the writer of the above letter is not a young lady seventeen years of age. She is a young girl and a very foolish one at that. She does not know her own mind or she would know she cannot like two young men "fairly well." She can only like one of the men well enough to marry him. The "Columbia College fellow" is, of course, out of the question. The proposal to elope is too silly to be considered. His threat to go away never to return is probably not meant at all. And as for his spending time and money on the object of his affection, that is equally unimportant. Most foolish college boys do the same thing.

Finally, the best thing "A College Girl" can do is to show this article to her mother and send a copy of it to the "Columbia College fellow" as well. When she is a few years older, has learned her own mind, and is prepared to meet the problems of the world it will be time enough for her to think of getting married. Meanwhile, when her mother learns her daughter's views we hope she will administer a maternal dose of the slipper early and often.